

R. S. Sachs Dry Goods Co.



That perplexing gift for "him" is soon selected if you take a look at the wonderfully beautiful umbrellas we are showing.

Men's silk umbrellas with steel rods, finely mounted in horn, gun metal, ivory, sterling silver and natural woods.

Ladies' parasols, umbrellas and carriage parasols. A handsome assortment to choose from with stylish mountings in gun metal, fancy dresden, sterling silver and horn.

Holiday Trimmed Hats

Christmas always brings good things in trimmed hats, and this is our strong point now.

Ladies' trimmed hats at unusually low prices.

Children's trimmed hats are our specialty for the holiday trade. Styles and prices that will pleasantly surprise you.

Long Cravanette Coats

"Dame Fashion" has taken hold of the rain coat and made a particularly stylish garment out of it. Our handsome long cravanette coats will delight any Miss that gets one.



N. S. Sachs Dry Goods Co.

... LIMITED ...

Only 10 Shopping Days Until Christmas.

A GENERAL CHRISTMAS AIR PERVADES OUR WHOLE PLACE. WE CANNOT TOO STRONGLY RECOMMEND THAT ALL WHO CAN DO SO SHOULD BEGIN THEIR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING AT ONCE, WHILE THE ASSORTMENTS ARE BEST AND BEFORE THE GREAT RUSH BEGINS.

A great many persons are now in the midst of their holiday shopping, some are practically through with it, but hundreds are waiting. Come and make up your shopping lists here. The best suggestions will come from the things themselves.

Ready-to-Wear Apparel

What do I want for Christmas? Well, that's rather a leading question, but we have seen many longing glances directed at our ready-to-wear garments. We believe this is a suggestion worth noting. Styles are up to the hour and prices are lowest in this city:

Dress and Walking Skirts, Black silk dress skirts, Black dress skirts in Etamines, Zibelines, Alpacas, Broad-cloth and Cheviots.

White tailored Etamine skirts.

Walking skirts in black, grey, navy blue and oxfords. Silk and cloth raglans.

Ready-to-wear waists in silk, alpaca and cashmere.

Wash waists of every description.

Children's and Misses Coats and Jackets.

Misses Walking Skirts.

Handsome Dress Materials

Silk dress crepes in exquisite shades.

Pineapple silks in all delicate colors.

White pongee silks.

New dress patterns in black, grey and all fashionable colors.

Embroidered Swisses and Chiffons for evening wear.

Silk Grenadines.

Voils and Etamines in cream, black and the leading colors.

Grass linen in white and shades of blue.

Lace Curtains

Really fine curtains come now-a-days for very little. New ideas have been put into this season's goods, and our holiday assortment is most complete. Handsome designs in white, ecru and Arabian, including the new single curtain.

Lace panels to match.

New Portierres.

Embroidered Grass Linens

Hand embroidered in blue and white—a beautiful line of doilies, tray covers, center pieces, cushion tops, luncheon cloths and table covers in

square, oblong and round. Napkins to match.



Dressing Sacques

These are always the epitome of daintiness—there is a touch about them distinctly feminine.

\$5.50 and upward, handsome silk, trimmed with dainty laces. White and delicate shades.

\$1.25 and upward, of white lawn, trimmed with dainty colors.

At \$1.50, Eiderdown nicely trimmed. Pink, blue, grey and cardinal.

Inexpensive Christmas Handkerchiefs

"If you don't know what to give, give handkerchiefs," is a good rule for the busy Christmas shopper.

They are always acceptable to both men and women, and if you choose one with a pretty little initial in the corner, it will make the gift seem much more personal and thoughtful.

At 65c. a doz. a good fancy border cambric handkerchief.

At 90c. a doz. fine hemstitched, neat patterns, fancy borders.

At 25c. a box, children's fancy border, with embroidered initials.

At 35c. a box, children's fine cambric, hemstitched, white with colored embroidered initials.

At 15c., or \$1.50 a dozen, Ladies' pure linen, hemstitched, hand embroidered initials (convent made.)

At \$1.75 a box, half doz. fine, pure linen hemstitched, hand embroidered initials.

At 15c. each, very pretty one, hemstitched, embroidered border or scalloped edge.

At 20c., better linen, hemstitched and embroidered, new

R. S. Sachs Dry Goods Co.

designs. At 25c, 30c, 35c, and 45c. handsome line pure linen, hemstitched, embroidered or face edge.

At \$1.75 for half doz. in fancy boxes, all pure linen, exquisitely embroidered, surprising value.

Handkerchiefs For Men

\$1.00 dozen, fine white hemstitched cambric.

\$2.75 dozen, pure linen hemstitched.

\$2.00 for half doz. in a box, fine quality pure linen, with initials.

Dainty Fans

Fans have beauty, usefulness and a certain fineness which puts them among the best of Christmas gifts. See our exquisite assortment of Napoleon fans, the new chatelain fans, spangle, lisse and lace fans in black and white, at wonderfully attractive prices.

50c. and upwards, very pretty spangle fans.

New Ribbons

For neck, sashes and fancy work. Striking new plaids, brocades, dresden and painted effects.

New dresden hair ribbons at 15c yard.

Holiday Hosiery

Silk and lisle trimmed hose in plain, drop-stitch, lace ankle and all lace effects, nicely packed one and two pairs in a box.

\$5000 REWARD!

—FOR— the Arrest and Conviction —OF—

JOHN COOK AND CHARLES COOK

of Williams, California, who relieved 1000 tourists visiting Cook's Springs of all their dyspepsia, biliousness, stomach and liver troubles, and rheumatism.

Cook's Mineral Water

is an absolutely pure mineral water bottled at the springs in its natural state, and not carbonated.

Tel. Main 347.

ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED

A.B.C. BEERS
Guaranteed Pure. None So Good.
Sold Everywhere.

THE SEASON'S NOVELTIES

We name the following: LEB KUCHEN, LOWNEY'S CHOCOLATES in Xmas boxes. TREES, imitation and real. ORNAMENTS FOR XMAS, BONBONS, GLACE FRUITS, NUTS. And then: XMAS GIFTS IN NICKLEWARE, RAMEKINS AND TOILET ARTICLES.

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Ice delivered to any part of the city. Island orders promptly filled. Tel. Blue 581. P. O. Box 590. Office: Kewalo.

THE WAVE THAT GAVE UP ITS PREY

BY ALBERT SONNICHSEN, ABLE SEAMAN.

The poets will tell you that the sea never gives up its prey but if you were to repeat that to the sailormen about the docks of Honolulu they would tell you "The poets be blowed!" or something that would mean the same. They would refer you to old Sam Harland, the night watchman of the railway dock, who came there five years ago on the Henry B. Howard. You would then demand more detail, and in a humorous way they would tell you how the waves once took old Sam for their own and tried hard to swallow him, but he proved too bitter a pill, even for the hoary old sea, so it spued him up again in disgust.

"Ye see," they say, "Sam is a powerful chap on the booze, an' his old carcass is so soaked with rum that he couldn't be digested. The sea took him and chewed and chewed for quite a while, but he was just a bit too tough."

I have heard Sam tell his story, but, being a rank egotist, he tries to make you believe that his swimming saved him, which isn't entirely true. His shipmates on the Howard told quite a different story, and, according to general opinion, theirs was the true version.

The big four-masted bark Henry B. Howard left New York in May with general cargo for San Francisco. This brought her around the Horn in August and up to the north Pacific in October, a bad time of year, just when the equinoctial storms are brewing. The Howard was just about five hundred miles southeast of Hawaii when one of these bitter gales struck her and brought her hove to under lower topsails.

The ordinary landsman doesn't quite realize what a storm in those regions, at that time of year, means. Sailing is impossible—the ship that simply holds her own against those giant mid-sea billows is doing well. She is stripped of all but three or four heavy storm sails, enough to give her the necessary steerageway to keep her nose pointed toward the oncoming seas, so that they shall not strike broadside on.

Thus had the Howard been hove to for three days, meeting each foam-capped billow with an upward toss of her bows, sometimes shoving her nose deep into the green seas, sending ponderous cascades thundering down from her fore-castle head, flooding the main deck to the cabin aft. Sometimes the fore-castle, an iron house on deck, would be entirely submerged, and then the men of the watch below, who lay in upper bunks, could behold the sea

through the plate glass portholes as you see in an aquarium, casting a sickly green light over their haggard faces and giving them a death-like pallor. With a gurgling roar the water would drop and spread aft, and good, wholesome light of day come in again.

Aft on the poop were gathered the officer and the men of the watch on deck, a dozen oilskinned figures clutching the lifelines rigged from rail to rail. Thus they stood, four hours at a time drenched, gazing stolidly at the whirl of spray and scud about them, with nothing to do, only to stand by. The man at the wheel was lashed to his post; his duty it was to keep the helm jammed hard over. Such is the sailor's school of physical endurance. One bell struck—the poop. Even that old martinet, the skipper, would expect no man to strike it for'd, for the bell on the fore-castle head clangs sullenly at intervals in low, throaty notes, as the roaring torrents pour over it. Bad enough it is for the man to dodge for'd in the first lull to the lee door of the fore-castle to jerk those drowsy fellows of the other watch out of their few hours of slumber.

"Ho-o-o, ho-o-o, ho-o-o, all hands ahoy! Awake, ye sleepers! One bell!" With sleepy yawns and drawing curses the men drop out of their bunks to their chests, and slowly, reluctantly, in sullen silence, climb into their oilskins, while the seas bang the weather wall of the fore-castle like shells from heavy guns.

"Eight bells—relieve the watch!" Aye, eight bells, but the watch has yet to wait awhile, for no mortal man could wade those flooded decks from for'd to aft. Sea after sea, green and white, pours over the bulwarks like the breaking of a big dam.

Finally comes another lull. The ship pauses as though to rest, while the tons of water on deck shoot out through nawspeps and scupper. Once more the deck is visible, covered only by the foam-rimmed sheets of rippling water. The lee door of the fore-castle flies open, and one by one the men shoot out, like bees from a hive, and scurry aft, fairly throwing themselves up the poop ladder.

All hands are aft—all but one. Old Sam Harland, able seaman, lingers to fill his pipe, as he invariably does, in fair weather or foul. Creeping Sam they call him. At last he crawls out, shuts the fore-castle door and starts aft.

Suddenly all hands shout and gesticulate to him. He sees, but the shouts are lost in the roar of the gale. Slowly he waddles aft, unconscious of his danger. Were he to look behind him he would see coming up on the weather bow a distant but fast-approaching wall of greenish gray, its white top apparently licking the low-hanging clouds.

He does see at last, but too late. The ship gives a quick lurch, a heave, attempts to rise to the oncoming billows,

but fails. High up, level with the fore-yard, towers the white crest. For one breathless moment to those aft it seems to hesitate, lifts, leans forward, then falls, crashing down on the whole for'd part of the ship. From rail top to rail top the main deck fills in an instant, each mast the center of a whirlpool of yeasty foam. Then, as the ridge of the wave passes under the ship, she lurches, rolls over to windward into the hollow beyond, dumping her deckload of seething water over her weather bulwarks into the sea.

If you were to put a dry pea into an empty saucenpan and then souse a bucket of water over it you would understand what happened to Sam Harland, able seaman. His shipmates saw him struggling in the foam, saw him slowly sucked toward the bulwarks, then shot across their top into the reflux of the sea outside.

What they felt is not part of the story; such accidents occur often, and seamen are not prone to describe their emotions. "Man overboard. Sam Harland, able seaman, lost at sea October 5." Such notes are common in log books. There were few of Sam's shipmates who had not seen this tragedy enacted before. It was what followed that was unusual. Suddenly the mate gave a yell, audible even above the roar of the tempest.

"There he is, boys, away to windward!" They crowded together to the weather rail. Sure enough, there he was, a black speck far out in the white froth, his face turned toward them. Then he rose on the crest of a wave, and sank out of their sight into the hollow beyond, only to reappear again mounting another oncoming billow.

Already he had thrown off his sou'wester and oilskin coat, and was swimming. Hopelessly beyond all human aid, he struggled still, while his shipmates could only stand helplessly by, breathless, watching him fight his last fight, and then be swallowed.

The ship was drifting, and having so much surface exposed to the wind, she naturally sagged to leeward faster than the man, leaving him to windward. The ship was being blown away from him. They tried to heave him a life belt, but the wind blew it back against the rail.

Still Sam fought manfully. With beating hearts they saw him rid himself of his gum boots, and even his oilskin trousers—he ripped them off with his sheath knife. Impulsively they cheered. He was dying game.

But the odds were against him. Further and further they drifted away from him, catching only an occasional glimpse of his naked shoulders as he mounted the seas and toppled over their crests. The skipper had brought up the log line and tried to heave the metal fan with its coil of thin cord, but, strong of arm as he was, it went not even one-third the distance. He threw it down on deck and turned away.

Again came one of those booming rollers. They saw the drowning man mount its slope until he was struggling in the hollow curve under the combing top. On it came, he in it. With a heave the big ship shot upward and they saw him in the hollow beyond. He seemed to have been hurled nearer, and this caused intense excitement.

"Swim, Sam, swim!" they yelled. "Keep it up, Sam! Hang on, Sam!" They howled and gesticulated, and once more the skipper tried to heave

the log line. They might as well have spared their efforts, he heard nothing from them. Still, they saw him plainly now, saw his white face, his clenched jaws, his powerful arms beating the waves. By this time he had freed himself of all his clothes. But except that he kept himself up, he was helpless; like a block of wood he was whirled about and tossed up and down—ground by the waves as though they were in deadly chewing will before swallowing.

Then he suddenly disappeared. For five minutes the men stood, still clutching the rail. Instinctively they bowed their heads, as men do in the presence of death.

There came a lull. Again the decks were clear.

"Come, boys," shouted the second mate, "get for'd and turn in."

The watch just relieved moved with difficulty down to leeward and prepared to skurry for'd to the forecastle, there to snatch a few hours' rest. But before they could gain the shelter of the for'd deckhouse, the vessel reared on its stern. They could not climb that slanting deck. From for'd came that awful, growing roar again. The green wall swept on, shot up alongside, ready to topple. An impulsive cry burst from the lips of all, their danger forgotten in the sight before them. Almost over their heads rose that glassy, foam-streaked green mountain, and on its very top lifted the naked form of a man, his arms outstretched, mouth agape, eyes staring, legs outspread, like some spirit of the storm, wrapped in a smother of froth and spray. They caught just that one glimpse—then came the crash—again the decks were flooded.

Fortunately all had gained some hold, and when the waters subsided none was missing. In the pump-hole, by the mainmast, they found the naked, unconscious, but still living body of their lost shipmate, washed aboard by the reflux. The sea had given up its prey.

In his memoirs, Adolf Kussmaul relates a curious story of a Heidelberg banker. This banker was known for his haughty, forbidding manners; consequently, Dr. Nuhn, the professor of anatomy, was much surprised one day when the banker came and sat with him in a railway car, and, after a pleasant chat, asked him all sorts of questions, especially about the anatomy of the heart. The next day, he even called, by permission, in the medical department, and watched the professor dissecting one of those organs. Then he drove home, and a few hours later it became known that he had committed suicide by skillfully plunging a dagger into his heart.

An incidental revenge: "Did your son really elope?" "Yes, and it's such a blow. But there's one thing about it that brings me a little consolation." "What's that?" "He eloped with that odious Mrs. Slimmer's hired girl."—Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

The schedule: Newcastle—"Was there any romance connected with your engagement?" Ingerfield—"Romance? I proposed to her at 8:45 and she accepted me precisely at 9:15."—Detroit Free Press.

Piano Talk

We want to sit down with you in the "front room" and talk a few minutes about a piano. We don't care how much or how little you earn each week; we know you want a piano for your children. You want to pay no more than is necessary to buy an instrument that has a good tone, a pretty case and the best of wearing qualities. The

Kroeger Piano

has all of these requirements and is sold at a reasonable figure on easy terms. It is one of the oldest and best known makes and over 78,000 buyers are ready to speak its praises.

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PURE CALIFORNIA OLIVE OIL

If you like an absolutely pure Olive Oil you will be pleased to know that we have secured from Southern California an oil that will please the most critical. It is pressed from the olives grown there and is sweet and pure without the least trace of adulteration.

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is the name of this Olive Oil and will be found wonderfully sweet and possessing the real olive flavor. If you like pure olive oil try Purita.

Put up in full measure pint, 60c.

